

Oak Park, Ill. U.S.A.

9 A.M. May 7, 1896.

My darling Grace,

Last night was Wednesday ^{and} as I was over at your house writing you a letter, it flashed across my mind your Uncle Miller would leave today. - So I interrupted Leicester in his practice to ask if he would not like a walk down our Clinton Avenue to say good bye and so we went.

Your letter is still started, but my pen and other part of their paper is on your father's desk in the library.

We found your Uncle a little perplexed about starting, but we

believe he will get off in good shape today.

We, brothers are prospering nicely, as yet have not missed a single night together. It seems quite as natural to say, —

"Good morning Les!" as it did to greet Tyler or George the first in the morning.

Hulda has been so kind in coming in each day and making up the beds and washing up our lunch dishes &c. The little Tassel dog was so delighted to see us at your uncle's last night. Leicester received a genuine greeting from Tassel. — He was so glad to see us, that when he got out the first thing this morning, he must have followed our tracks on up home. For when I opened the door, Tassel was on the porch.

to greet me! — He will be taken back by Hulda or myself during the day.

Now today is a day of relaxation, before my last final examination, if you were here we would go away up north along the river and take our lunch and lemons for Yankee lemonade, and your bottled English acidulated water. What a joy it would be, but there will be other just such days after you come home.

This is just as perfect a day, as our Cardinal day, following your recital. Altho' no Kentucky Cardinals have yet been announced, the rose breasted grosbeak and Baltimore oriole with the three thrushes are here to

give us early morning concerts.-
I can realize in part how
your mother would enjoy
those songs, early each morning,
they are poetry in themselves.

We hope the Etruria, which is
due on Monday, will bring us
letters from your miles long, which
will take three days to read ^{and}
a week to answer.

Hope you are in balmy France,
if possible get away from
Paris out in Normandy to drive
among the French people as they
live in their hours. Please give
as much of my best as you think
you can spare to the blue girls; they
were so kind to me, but I have
always believed it was for your sake,
for I was a stranger in their midst.

More and more each day, it comes
to me what a noble life awaits
us as we are each preparing

to do all that is good in our
power with God's help-

I had the funniest dream
Sunday night. - I thought I
had looked and longed for
a letter from you for more
than a week after one was due,
when to my surprise when I
came over to stay with Leicester,
I unlocked the door and you sprung
out and put your arms around
my neck, saying, "Dearest Luc come to
me!" - You had taken the voyage over
with great success and had returned on
a ship leaving port the same day you
came in, saying to your father, "Pa, the
voyage is the most restful, let's repeat
it and go right home!" To say I
was surprised is enough to startle

a man out of his sleep. I sat up and looked, 'Twas not a "Day dream" by Dove' but a dream of early morning twilight. - So far it is all true, for no letters have come and you may be here to relieve me when least I expect it, but I hope your trip will mean a great deal more to you than you had expected. - I have heard nothing from Alice, Harold and I ate dinner together on Monday & Tuesday but I dared not ask for Alice, fearing he would find out my aim. - Has she yet told her parents?

Monday night we had a genial dinner at the Leland Hotel, - in honor of Mr. Cherry who is about to return to Africa. Mr. Harvey asked me to preside and act as Toast master, - this was done most

successfully. - Each one present gave some excellent thoughts. 'Twas a "stag" banquet, but not to equal our quiet suppers together, where courses were less numerous but a deeper feeling of sincerity. All the gentlemen were of high Christian character and a temperance set. Not even smoking, - so you can imagine our joys together.

As I was coming home up State Street, a couple were talking noisily with loud laughter, just south of Central Music Hall. - Who do you suppose the woman was? -

'Twas Miss Hayes, the prophetess (?). She looked me square in the face, but did not even close her lips or acknowledge in any way she knew me.

I told Mr. Hutchins, that lady would
know me out at Oak Park, but
failed to recognize me in his
company in town —

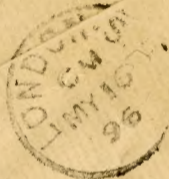
The world is wide, my darling
and my love for you only
strengthens each day and to
realize it has been two (2) weeks
today since you left, — three times
as much more and you will
be coming home, — perhaps!

When you receive this, think of
me preparing for graduation,
practicing our college hymn and
marching on and off the
platform of Central Music Hall.
Goodbye for now my other self. —

Your ever loving, "Aunt"

Clarence Edmund Hemmingsway

-NEW YORK, N.Y.-
MAY 9 9-AM '96



From C.E.H.
300 N. C.P. Ave.
Oak Park, Ill.
U.S.A.



Miss Grace E. Hall,
To James Henry Randall, -
Artillery Mansion,
Westminster.
England. London.